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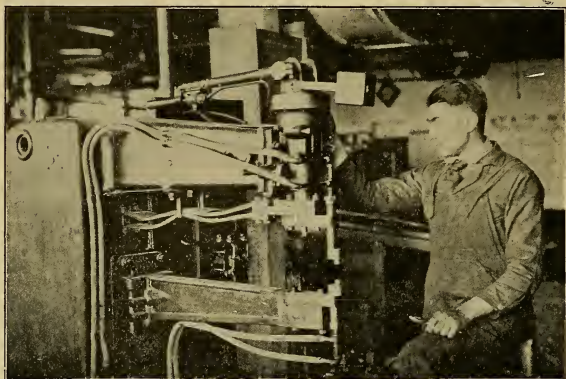
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The Arguenot

VOL. 4

FEBRUARY, 1924

NO. 2

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EDITORIALS

Foreword

THIS issue of the "Arguenot" we dedicate to that army of supporters who, although silent, are the wheels that make the machinery run so smoothly. We feel that we are exceedingly fortunate in having in our town a group of merchants who possess a spirit of liberality and a readiness to help in the financial support of our magazine. But true appreciation expresses itself in action, not in mere words. Let us prove our sincerity by patronizing our home stores.

We wish to call the attention of our readers also to the new History Department, and to announce that in the next issue we hope to have still another branch of our school work represented in a Science Department.

Happiness

"SEEK and ye shall find." But how hard it is for us, in our desire for—whatever it is—to pick out life's essentials.

Our minds once unconfused and clear, are now confronted with innumerable systems of mental culture, mental hygiene and self-analysis.

Let us be honest with ourselves for once. Does not all this effort but express our desire for only one thing—Happiness? The Orientals call it sleep, the Central Europeans probably call it peace, and we call our Heaven, a place of Happiness.

We have various formulas for the composition of this Happiness. Unselfishness seems to be the main ingredient. Some people know the secret already, and need never go to the School of Happiness. Others enter through loss and suffering, and many, too many, never know its riches.

Whether our experiences have taught us the secret of Joy, matters not. But we shall never really live until we know this essential of life.

Perhaps we need talk more of the concrete, less of the abstract, and of the

"invisible virtues." However, there will come a time in *your* life—sometime when you will appreciate the true meaning of

Happiness—and then, and then only, will your service to humanity begin.

LINDSAY CLEVELAND, '24.



Good Resolutions

I THINK it was George Herbert who said, "Recollect that trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." At this time of year when good resolutions are being made, it might be a good idea for us to resolve to be careful of the little things. By "little things" I mean the trifles such as getting up on time, getting ready for school on time, and getting our papers passed in on time. Each of these is a small thing in itself, but if we are prompt in the performance of them all, the sum total would be habits of punctuality and promptness which

would be of inestimable value to us, both now and long after we have left high school days behind.

The trouble with our good resolutions in general is that we usually "bite off more than we can chew," or in other words, we try to change our whole system of living. Consequently, when we fail, we become discouraged. A much better plan would be to try to improve the *little* things, one at a time, and soon we'll find that the larger faults are not half as bad as they seemed.

BARBARA HOWES, '24.

One of the Adventures of I-Me-and-Myself

THERE was the little old Lady-No-One-Knew and she had on the queerest dress in all Puzzle Land. It was made of the cobwebs of the Chubby Spider living in the hole in the orchard wall. It really was a most interesting dress; it looked so very beautiful, and just when you noticed that beauty, it wasn't there at all. It was like the per-

fume that the most Beautiful Lady used—just when a tiny baby breeze would bring you an armful of it and you breathed in a deep delicious breath, the quivering smell of it would disappear and however hard you would try, you couldn't catch another breath. But the minute you would have forgotten all about the perfume, the baby breeze would bring you

another armful. That's how the little old Lady-No-One-Knew's dress was—elusive.

Then there was the Gnome. He was like a dried-up apple, all puckery and wrinkly and dusty; but if you made him very angry or very delighted, he would swell right out and become the jolliest elf in the counties. He was really very nice, and carried his great-grandfather's watch in his hat, in case you'd forget what time it was.

The third one was I-Me-and-Myself—that is, the three third ones. I-Me-and-Myself never separate, so, because we're always together, the man that lived in the little gray house started to call us one. We're really not a bit alike—I am fat, Me is slender and sweet and willowy, while Myself is as thin as a split toothpick. The man that lives in the little gray house is a Poet. He writes the wonderfulest things about the baby breezes and Mistress Moon and the new anemones, and sometimes even about I-Me-and-Myself. He has big kind hands and big kind eyes and a big kind mind. Everybody likes him so, and I-Me-and-Myself love him.

Well, there were the three of us, and, just like the little old woman who lived in a shoe, we didn't know what to do. You see, it was Wednesday and we had planned to go down to see the mermaid in the brook. Then the little old Lady-No-One-Knew's father pushed his watch's hands ahead (his name in the world language is Father Time, but his real name is Aloysius) and made it Thursday. Now, mermaids can never have visitors on Thursday. They comb all the whole week's snarls out of their green hair with golden combs and make songs for the Poet on Thursday. So of course we couldn't visit the mermaid in the brook, for she would be busy; and we didn't know what to do.

We all sat down on the settee near the big oak tree and thought and thought. We planned ever so many things to do—to make misshapen shadows, and send them to frighten little scare cats at dusk-time, but that would have been wicked, so we didn't; to go and see the Poet, but most likely he would be busy listening to the mermaids' songs and taking them down in his new dictaphone, so we didn't; to go to Jack Spratt's house for dinner, but he and his wife always had *just* enough food, so we didn't; and we just sat and thought and thought.

Then a half-grown breeze (it was nearly a baby wind) came flying around the rock against which I-Me-and-Myself sat and whispered in our ear, "Go to the Yellow Rose that's near the misty fountain in the Garden of Dreams, and ask her what you can do."

The little old Lady-No-One-Knew and the Gnome came with us, and we all went to the Yellow Rose in the Dream Garden. The Dream Garden is where all the people of Dream Land meet and then go in groups to the people who want dreams; then when the people wake up, they say, "Oh, I had a wonderful dream! I wish it were true!" And the Dreams laugh, they are so pleased. On one side of the Dream Garden is a high stone wall, and on the other side of the stone wall is the place to which the worn-out dream people go. These dreams are really terrible and world-people call them nightmares. I have never been on the other side of the wall. I haven't ever dared, and I don't want to dare.

Well, we three went to the Yellow Rose. She was smiling at a great Lepidoptera (which means butterfly) and was quite provoked at being interrupted. But the Gnome swelled up for her especial benefit and she felt so pleased and flattered that she quite prettily told us what to do. (It

wouldn't have done for her to look so cross, anyway, for then the Lepidoptera would have become frightened and flown away.)

She told us to follow the Mill Road, go past the Poet's gray house, past even Bluebeard's castle. Then when we came to the end of the Mill Road, we should each pull down the corners of our mouths, say "Ishkabibble" and close our eyes—but she didn't say what would happen! Maybe we would be transferred into the Land-that-never-is-but-always-will-be; maybe something terrible would happen to us! We didn't know, but we were very curious to find out, so we all set out.

Just before we left the garden, the Rose called out "Be sure to step on the Might-Come-True-Stone when you close your eyes!" So there we all had to go back to the little old Lady-No-One-Knew's house for the Might-Come-True-Stone. She kept it in her right-hand Sunday-go-to-meeting glove, in the secret, middle drawer of the best bureau. But it didn't take us very long to get the stone, for Aloysius turned his watch's hands back a bit, because the little old Lady-No-One-Knew asked him to.

Then we walked and walked along the Mill Road. We saw the Poet rush through the Enchanted Wood at a terrific rate of speed—quite as fast as the Gnome's new triangle would go. We knew that the Poet was on his way to hear the mermaids sing, for he had his dictaphone under his arm.

We saw Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater, too. He was having a frightful time with his wife. She had run away to a meeting of the Woman's Club once when Peter had neglected to lock her in, and now she called herself emancipated and always tried to get out of her pumpkin shell—she wouldn't be tied to her home, she

said. So Peter had a terrible time, poor creature!

Old John Silver stood talking to the Miller on the Floss when we passed the mill. He was swearing in the most excruciating manner over the condition of the water mains, but when he saw the little old Lady-No-One-Knew, he apologized quite gallantly for his rudeness. John Silver used to tell I-Me-and-Myself the most spine-chilling stories, but since he went into politics he is of no good whatever.

When we got as far as the watering trough near Timbuctoo, I-Me-and-Myself were quite tired out; but we all drank some water and the Gnome put some magic yeast powder in it and it took our tiredness away altogether. We sat still just the same and enjoyed ourselves, for the shadow under the tree near the watering trough was cool, and the minstrel boy was singing the most wonderful lays. He sang about his lady love, and of how she had disappointed him; and he sang of knights both brave and bold, and of cruel magicians. His songs were nearly as good as John Silver's stories had been.

Suddenly the Gnome looked at his great grandfather's watch and jumped up and said, "We must be going," so we went. I-Me-and-Myself gave the minstrel boy our topaz ring, and he was so grateful. He was going to sell the ring to his Dutch Uncle, he said, and the money he received, added to that which he was saving, he would use to buy a phonograph.

The sun began to blink his eyes and it became quite dark. The Gnome was worried for fear he wouldn't reach the end of the road before the sun went to sleep altogether, but just when he least expected it, the road ended. Then we put the Might-Come-True-Stone on the very end of the road, stepped on it,

pulled down the corners of our mouths, closed our eyes and said, "Ishkabibble!" We waited and waited, and as nothing happened, we opened our eyes again. Still nothing happened!

The the Gnome swelled and swelled and grew, oh, so angry, and said it was a hateful trick of the Yellow Rose to get even with us for interrupting her flirtation with the Lepidoptera. Of course we all realized this, and were *mad* right through. But the little old Lady-No-One-Knew was maddest of all and picked us all up and put us in her pocket. She

had some peppermints in that pocket and they made I-Me-and-Myself sneeze. Then she picked up the Might-Come-True-Stone and put it into her other pocket; and then she flew right over the white fence that ended the Mill Road, right over the great gate in the fence, right into the sunset, right into a meadow of good times. And to show that the mill road and the story are ended, on the white gate in the white fence was painted in the most beautiful rainbow letters, "Finis" which really means—"The End."

MYRTHA S. LINDEBURG, '25.

The Value of a Smile

OF course I don't intend to set a dollars-and-cents valuation upon a smile, but I want to speak of its social value.

A cheery smile is a valuable asset to a person, for it draws other people to him; whereas all society turns from a frowning countenance. You may be feeling blue and weary. A friend comes along with a sunshiny smile, and you forget your worries for the time being, at least. In the business world a smile is most valu-

able, for it is very hard to keep smiling when one is almost buried in work and some pessimistic person is sighing and wailing about his troubles. A person with a pleasant disposition always has hosts of friends, for we are all glad to have the companionship of one who can see the bright side and the silver lining of every cloud.

Why do we not adopt "Keep Smiling" for a motto, and live our motto every day?

E. ZURBA, '24.

Sir Roger Returns

WITH a sigh of relief, Sir Roger climbed the golden stairs and knocked on the diamond-studded door of Heaven; he was glad to get back after his visit to the earth. The door opened and Sir Roger entered. He took what seemed a sufficient amount of nectar and ambrosia and seated himself on a golden couch. After he had finished the repast, he began to relate his adventures to the curious group of angels, cherubim and

seraphim who had gathered about to hear the news from the strange place called the Earth.

"When I landed," said Sir Roger, "I thought I should go to my old home and look about; to my surprise, I could find no trace of the old house which I had known so long; in its stead was a great mansion which was illuminated by innumerable lamps which it must have taken six men to light and the labor of

six others to keep trimmed and filled. I wandered about the ancient estate which had been mine for so long, but I could see nothing which was familiar. As it was night, there were not many people about; so I thought I would do a little travelling in the world.

"Making use of the power which is ours, I betook myself to that land called America. I had ever wanted to see this strange and distant land. I had heard of the American Indians, and I wanted to see one of them. I had heard that the Indians wore feathers in the hair or fastened to the head in some way; so I looked for somebody with feathers in the hair. In a short time I saw one coming down the street; she had the most magnificent headdress of feathers of all descriptions and hues. I would talk with this Indian; so I assumed the human shape again and approached her. Addressing her in the first Indian tongue which I struck upon, for we ghosts speak and understand all tongues, I asked her the name of her tribe and whether or not I might have the pleasure of seeing her home to her wigwam. She did not understand my meaning; so I was about to address her in another dialect. However, she raised her arm and gave me a blow straight from the shoulder; this blow landed on the point of my chin and took me off my feet for a few moments. Not fancying this treatment, I decided not to speak to any more of these Indians. I walked down the street and observed many strange sights. There were queer-looking vehicles which ran of their own power with no horse to pull them; overhead were long tracks on which ran great strings of roaring carriages. The people were all dressed in strange clothes. I saw many more Indians, but did not repeat my efforts to converse with any of them;

I was looking for a man with feathers in his hair but could find not one. In the shops were many queer articles which in my day would have been said to be the work of either the devil or of a fool. Along the sides of the streets were rows of posts which supported wires in the air; I could not see what earthly good these could possibly do.

"Just about this time I began to get thirsty; I thought I would look for a tavern where I could get a drink of ale or some other refreshing beverage. After a time I saw a shop in which there was a bar. I entered and asked for a glass of ale. The keeper of the bar looked at me in a surprised manner; then he led me into a back room and poured out a glass of a queer-looking liquid. He made me promise to tell nobody of the occurrence; and then he handed me the glass. I drank it with little or no enjoyment, handed the keeper a strange-looking coin which I found in my pocket, and stepped onto the sidewalk. No sooner had I stepped onto the street than I felt a terrible burning in my throat; suddenly I felt something strike me on the back of the head; there was a terrible crash, a shower of sparks, a roaring in my ears, and then I felt myself falling to the ground. The next thing I realized was that I was standing beside the body which I had occupied, which was now lying on the ground with a look of terrible agony on the face. The mouth was open, the eyes were staring from the sockets, and the limbs were distorted in all conceivable positions. A man in a blue uniform approached and listened to the heart; he then rose and shook his head. He went to a nearby post and opened a box which was affixed to the post. Into the box he said, 'Twenty-three; Murphy; wagon; another moon-

shine victim.' The body was taken off a bell on it, and I betook myself hither.
in a strange-looking carriage which had There's no place like home."

JEROME A. PENDERGAST, '25.

A Day in Mid-Winter

I 'rose one morning in Dreamland;
The world glistened so bright,
I paused at the window and marvelled
At the miracle that happened o'er night.

I gazed upward toward heaven
At the sky of the bluest blue,
Then down on the snow to the thousand
jewels
That glittered like morning dew.

The trees were covered with crystal,
The house-tops all were of white;
Is this the winter's beauty
Of which the poets all write?

And there in the East a snow-covered hill,
Extending above like a tower!
I paused—I looked—I wondered,
I worshipped our Father's great power.
MARTHA CLEM, '24.

My Reward

IT was a hot July morning when I boarded the street car in Westville for a short ride to the country. I left the street car and proceeded down the main road for about a mile, and then sat down under an old wild apple tree, whose gnarled limbs and broken branches told of many battles with the elements. I started to wipe the perspiration from my forehead, when a large placard which was tacked on a low wooden fence across the street attracted my attention. It was headed by the words—"Reward, One Thousand Dollars." Just below this was the picture of a man and then the following sentence. "Wanted, John Williams, for the larceny of Twelve Thousand Dollars." Near the bottom of the card in smaller letters there was a minute description of the man wanted.

I arose from my seat and turned down a small lane which led to a pond surrounded by pine and hemlock trees. Around its edges were lily pads and scattered among them were a few lilies

which had already blossomed. Here and there on the lily pads sat large gurgling bullfrogs. Occasionally would come a resounding, "jug-a-run" and about a half a minute later an answer that sounded like an echo, from the other end of the pond.

I had been sitting there perhaps a half-hour enjoying the cool fragrance of the pines and my cigar, when I heard a rustling in the bushes about fifteen yards to my left. I remained quiet and soon there emerged from the bushes a man whose clothes were tattered and ripped. He had boyish features, but must have been about twenty-four years old. He stooped down and drank long and deep from the cool waters of the pond and then proceeded to refresh himself by washing his face and hands. He arose and started along the shore towards me. He was almost directly in front of me before he noticed me and looked as if he wanted to run. I immediately recognized those features as the ones I had seen on

the placard. I beckoned for him to sit down beside me, and he did so, rather nervously.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want to know what you mean by stealing so much money?" I asked, thinking to catch him off his guard.

"What money do you mean? I never stole a cent in my life," he said.

"Come, I'm no officer. I'd just like to hear your story; maybe you didn't take it at all," I said.

After coaxing him for a while, I prevailed upon him to tell me his whole story. It seems that he had an old mother who was very sick and he had lost his job and could get her no medicine or help. So he planned to steal the money. I said "steal" but he said "borrow," as he intended to pay it all back. He had only one brother and he had run away four years before. When he finished his story, he told me that he supposed I'd turn him over to the police. I took out my lunch and said that we'd talk about that later. He ate ravenously. When he had finished, I told him that I could not give him up to the police because I believed every word of his story. He said that he would leave the East and see if he could find his brother.

He left very quietly, but I could hear his footfalls on the broken branches for a minute or more. Then I began to think. What made me let this criminal slip out of my grasp? Why, there was a thousand dollars reward for just accompanying a man to the police headquarters. I remained at that spot for several minutes listening to the birds and frogs, then I arose and walked slowly around the edge of the pond to the street and boarded the trolley car for home. All that night I wondered if I had done the right thing. Finally, I came to the conclusion that I had. I had lost a thousand dollars,

but think of the misery I should have caused had I turned the poor fellow over to the law!

In the five years that followed I wrote many books and did my level best; but success did not seem to come my way. I was reduced to poverty and did not know where my next meal was to come from. All my books had been turned down, even my last one, which was the best one I had ever written.

One night I went to bed early as I had no supper and thought I'd feel better in bed. I had been there perhaps half an hour, when I heard an automobile stop, its door open and close, and then a rap on my door. I pulled on my clothes as quickly as possible, not knowing what was to happen. When I opened the door, two men entered. They were well dressed with suits of the latest cut. The shorter of the two spoke. He said, "You are Joe Richardson, are you not?" I replied in the affirmative. Then both reached out and in turn shook my hand. The shorter of the two then spoke again. "We have been looking for you for two months," he said. The other interrupted, "And we're very glad to have found you. I believe you are the man who gave my brother his chance. After leaving you, he came directly West and found me, and there by good luck we managed to make enough money to live comfortably for the rest of our lives. John has often talked of your kindness to him when he was 'out of luck' and he felt that it would be no more than right that we should find you and repay you for your goodness. You let him go and it cost you one thousand dollars; so we are here to pay you ten times that much."

I sank back into a chair in amazement. Really, I thought I must be dreaming, but I pinched myself and found it all to be true. I looked up, but the door was

closed and the men were gone. I rushed to the door, but all I could see was a dim red light disappearing in the darkness of the road. I turned back into the house

and there on the table was ten thousand dollars! Can't you just imagine what I did first, when I had eaten practically nothing for the last few days!

JAMES BUNNEY, '25.

Our Flag

A stripe of red,
Then one of white,
A perfect square of blue,
And in it four straight rows of stars
Make up our flag, so true.

A nation free,
A nation whole,
A power since its birth,
That's what our flag is for—
It means The Greatest Land on Earth.

FRANCIS DOWER, '24.

Change of Circumstance

"HHEY, you big bum, get away from here!" A rasping voice sang out on the quiet street as a woman passed by.

Little Mrs. Curtis, her face red with mortification, came out on her piazza, unfastened the cage of her parrot (for such it was) and walked into the house.

"I'll fix you, Polly," she exclaimed angrily. "Of course you had to yell at that fussy old maid, Miss Bent." Polly greeted this scolding with a merry, "Ha! Ha!" and for a punishment was put into a corner with a cloth over his cage.

That evening Mr. Curtis, returning from work, was greeted at the door by his wife, who soon gave him all the news of the day. Then she started tragically to relate the insulting remarks of Polly. "There's no use in talking," she ended by saying, "we won't have a friend in this neighborhood if we don't get rid of that parrot soon."

"Well, I don't believe we could even give him away," laughed Mr. Curtis; "but I'll see what I can do about it tomorrow."

Soon the Curtis household had peacefully retired, including Polly, who, it may be added, slept with one eye open.

All was quiet until Mrs. Curtis suddenly awakened with a start. What was that noise downstairs? After gaining courage, she finally awakened her husband who, though really believing she was dreaming, prepared to go downstairs. After being advised, by a tearful wife, "to save the silver at all costs," he crept stealthily down the stairs, with his revolver in his hand.

He came to an abrupt halt at the dining-room door and was just in time to see a dark figure with a large bag preparing to make his exit by the window. Before he could move, a harsh voice cried out, "Whoa! what's yer hurry?"

The burglar turned with a start and by this time Mr. Curtis had him covered. When the burglar discovered that his captor was Polly, he turned white with anger. To think he might have got away, if it hadn't been for that parrot!

When being led away by the police,

he turned and looked back into the room and muttered, "Oh! for just one minute alone with that bird!" But this time

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis did not share his opinion, and Polly became an honorable member of the family.

LOUISE NUGENT, '25.

Justice

In his office sat the broker,
In his down-town office sat he,
Making plans for making money;
Yes, and plans for taking money,
Traps to catch the poor unwary
Who should happen in his clutches;
In his robberies exulting
Sat the broker in his office.

In the prison sat a robber,
In the great dark prison sat he.
He had been accused of stealing,
Caught while in the act of stealing—
Tried to rob a fellow townsman
Of what money he had with him.
At his detention—
Sat the robber in the prison.

While the broker stole a million
From the poor downtrodden people—
Stole the broker from the people—
While the robber stole a hundred
Of the million from the broker,
He the broker sits in Congress,
While the robber sits in prison.

FRANCIS FOLEY, '24.

On Writing an Essay

IF you have never tried to write an essay, you have missed one of the greatest pleasures and heroic struggles of school life; and if you have, do not read this. Writing an essay is surely a heroic struggle, but after it is written, you read it over and view it with pleasure. Suppose your teacher gives you an assignment for Monday, brief, concise and to the point. "Write a short essay on any subject." That will be easy you think.

Friday afternoon you go to the library and Friday night there is an especially good show at the "movies"; Saturday afternoon is the ball game and Saturday evening you go out again. When Sun-

day evening comes, you do your studying, leaving the essay until the last. Then you clear away your books, get a clean pad of paper, and sharpen several pencils.

First you think over the essentials of a good essay, as you have been instructed to do. It must, of course, be of general interest, short, easily written, expressed in your best English, humorous in parts, and good reading throughout. Taking your pencil in hand, you aimlessly scratch over the paper, scribble a little, draw several cartoons, and then tear the sheet off and take another—all the time, thinking, thinking, thinking. After wearing down several pencils and wasting a half-dozen sheets of paper, a few sugges-

tions flash into your mind,—"On Dogs," "On Cats," "On Catching a Train," "How to Eat," "Rubbernecks," "Soup," "Fingernails," "Prize Fights," "Types of Feet," and many others; but you discard them all. Your mind wanders back to the summer vacation,—what fun you had,—you bring your wandering mind to earth again, gnaw your pencil, scratch your head, rumple your hair, and glance at the clock. Bed-time! Quick! What to write? What excuse could you give in the morning? No, there are no excuses left, you have exhausted them all.

Something must be written and written quickly. But—what?

This has been my experience. I wonder if you have gone through the same? Finally, in desperation, I take my pencil in hand and scribble viciously for ten minutes. With a sigh of relief, I fold my paper just as the clock strikes twelve. And when I go to school, Monday morning, I have a peculiar satisfaction at having written and completed an essay—and not on any of the subjects I had meditated upon so long, but simply "On Writing an Essay."

KATHLEEN MAHONEY, '26.

Reflections

(With apologies to Forrest MacLean)

EACH morning as I stand before my mirror with curling irons in hand, I wonder why some girls are afflicted with straight hair, which is not always becoming to the countenance.

Certainly it is no beautifier. If we left it straight, we should be out of style. That would never do.

Today, to have curly hair is the style. So every morning we girls who have straight hair have before us the unpleasant task of curling our locks. We can-

not appear in public with straight hair. What a sight! We wish many, many times that we might never have rain. Rain, the beautifier of some things and the un-beautifier of many other "things"—for instance, our curls. Why can't we have our hair straight? Style. That is the reason. It certainly is killing.

Boys! You are most fortunate in not having this terrible affliction—keeping in style. (I am not saying that fellows don't curl their hair to keep in style.)

HELEN CORCORAN, '25.

Just a Friend

Let us start each day anew,
Let us make our burdens few,
Let us have no selfish ends,
Let us all be just good friends.

Let us just be friendly neighbors,
Let us all divide our labors,
Let's be kind to those in need.—
Just a friend—a friend indeed.

Let us with a gladsome heart
Do each his own unselfish part,
Working, striving for one end,
And that is—to be just a friend.
NELLIE READEL, '24.

Sir Kenneth de Boverley

PAPER NO. VI

ON a cold, sharp afternoon, a few weeks ago, I sought refuge at the Club, to escape the feeling of irritation that a typical winter's day always creates in a man of my temperament. Indeed, everything seemed to be rubbing me the wrong way. I pushed the bell several times to summon the elevator, for Rufus very often falls asleep between the first and second floors. Not being able to rouse him, the only alternative left was to walk up to the fourth floor. Because of the bustle and noise outside, I entered the room unobserved. The picture which unfolded itself before my eyes was very impressive. The gray gloom of the sky reflected itself in the room. The reddish glow of the burning logs in the fireplace seemed trying to push back the oncoming dusk. On one side of the fireplace sat the "professor," deeply absorbed in a book. On the other side sat Sir Kenneth in a pensive mood, almost buried in a huge leather rocker, with his chin resting upon his hand. On the small table near him was a discarded newspaper, a bottle and a glass. I called the boy, and gave him my ulster, scarf and hat. After greeting Sir Kenneth and the Professor, I drew up a chair in front of the fireplace, and proceeded to warm my fingers, for they were tingling with the cold. Gradually, as the warmth and cozy atmosphere of the room penetrated my body the "grouch" which I had before, left me.

After a period of silence, Sir Kenneth raised his head. From his very mood, I knew that he was going to expound some theory of his. "It seems to me," said Sir Kenneth, "that the youth of today takes no responsibility whatsoever."

"Explain yourself," said I in mild surprise.

"The youth of today," continued Sir Kenneth, "is offered unlimited opportunities, both educationally and socially. Both of these are abused. He does not look upon education seriously. He believes in pleasure before work. For instance, you will remember some time ago Sir Blondy Bangs was to write an essay for his English assignment. He was perfectly willing to let it go in a slipshod manner, in order that he might hurry off to the links to play a round of golf with some of his friends. But, if you will remember, I rebuked him, and after he had thoughtfully considered what I had said he rewrote his essay. Then he went golfing, feeling much better because he had done his best. Why, only yesterday just such another instance was brought to my attention by my good friend the Principal of Sir Blondy's Academy. As he related the incident to me, it seems that several boys, Sir Blondy included, who were not very enthusiastic about taking gymnasium, suddenly decided to drop it without permission. Upon being reprimanded by the principal, they said that they had not realized the importance of the subject. "These examples," explained Sir Kenneth, rising and stretching himself, "go to show that the youth of today means to do well enough, but does not consider the important things of life in a serious manner."

The Professor had dozed off to sleep. Sir Kenneth shook him and announced that it was time for dinner.

MADDISON AND SPEELE.

Who Cares!

When Junior Prom is over
And you're back at school again,
You try to think of nothing else
But teachers, books and pen.

But one day you are dreaming
In regions far away,
And awake to find her glaring
In an unbecoming way.

"Tis not the time for drowsing,
For thoughts of yesterday.
Your place is here in class,
Your thoughts but of Francais."

Now, memories of Proms you scorn,
At which you once were thrilled.
They never seem to satisfy—
Just longings unfulfilled.

Who cares for all these socials
That satisfy not long?
Who wants to be included
In the noisy dancing throng?

You pause in your reflections
As the teacher reads a card,
Announcing sale of tickets
To the Senior Promenade.

Who cares for all the socials
And songs and dancing, too?
Who cares to be included
In this fun? I'll bet you do!
BELLA FIREMAN, '24.

"A Heroine"

WHEN little Rosamond Lee bought a pound of steak at the little country store on that eventful day, little did she realize what complications would follow.

Her parents had died when she was a child and she lived on a tiny farm with her brother. As they were obliged to resort to rigid economy to defray their expenses, they breakfasted on eggs, lunched on eggs à la mode, and banqueted sumptuously on eggs à la soup, if Rosamond's red hair and corresponding temper made too prominent an appearance. It is no wonder, then, that she longed for steak, since variety, everyone admits, is the "spice of life."

When she had made her purchase at the store, she hurried home to cook it. It was

her turn to go to the city that day, and so she left the delicacy in care of her brother and departed happily. Brother John was one of those persons who fall asleep if they are not "doing anything"; and as an occasional glance at the frying pan was scarcely manual labor, he improved his time by gently snoring as he slept.

In the next house, Myra Poke sat rocking near the window, tears rolling down her cheeks. "My!" she murmured, "if that ain't sad!" She was reading a book which she, at least, would recommend for every bookshelf, because of its heart-rending pathos. "And it's no expense for me "she would say, "ten cents was all I paid for it." As she thought of the daring deeds of her heroine, she looked out of the window and there—

smoke was pouring from a window in the Lee house! She sprang to her feet and was off down the road at full speed.

She was back in an instant, and like the real story-book heroine, rushed into the small parlor which was as yet intact. She tossed chairs, rugs, table, everything through the window onto the lawn in feverish haste, lest at any moment the whole house should break into flames. Then, as she heard the sound of approaching wheels, she dashed out to meet the fire squad, which consisted of two men and numerous pails of water. The captain gave her shoulder a hasty pat as he recognized her—hardly the reward of a true heroine—and vanished into the

smoke. She followed him boldly into the kitchen.

The smoke lifted after pails of water were thrown right and left and John awoke from his slumber in the next room. After he had learned of the excitement, "I'll be jiggered," he muttered, for there, on the stove, was the crisp, blackened steak, still sizzling spitefully. The three men looked at each other and burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter.

But when the award of medals and laurels was in order, our heroine, Myra, was nowhere to be found, for she had silently made her escape some moments before.

MARGARET COSTELLO, '24.

"Buried"

Before the open fire I'm curled,
Motionless as a marble form.
I hear no sound from the outer world;
I'm deaf to all noise of the raging storm.

My dog, disgusted, it would seem,
With human lack of love or life,
SnORES at my feet in pleasant dream
Of bones, and cats, and canine strife.

The silent pictures on the wall
Stare down with sad reproach at me,
A few poor nameless souls who call
For light on their obscurity.

They call in vain; they cannot hold
My thoughts; I grant them not a look;
I'm buried deep as Spanish gold;
I'm happy in my grave—a book.

HARRIET GAY, '24.

The Rusher

HAVE you ever been sitting in the waiting room of a large station watching the people hurrying to and fro? There are all kinds of people, of all classes and all creeds in the hurrying throng. But one kind seems to stand out from the rest. That is the so-called "rusher."

The "rusher" does not think that he is justifying his existence unless he is hurrying from morn until night. Rushing soon becomes a habit with him. He

seems so obsessed by the passage of minutes that he does not take time to do the little things that help to make life more pleasant for those who come in contact with him. His chief enjoyment is rushing for a train, giving everyone "a gentle shove" as he rushes on his way. He seems to believe that by his method of living, he can manage to squeeze seventy seconds out of sixty.

But can he? There's hardly anyone,

except a genius, who can rush continually and gain anything in the end. Then, a genius does not rush with his lower limbs, but with his brain. Therefore, the "rusher" is fooling himself when he thinks he is outwitting time.

In olden days, before people lived in a world of hustle, our ancestors made a

familiar proverb. This was "Haste makes waste." That is as true today as it was then, for in the end has the so-called "rusher" gained anything?

He certainly has not. But he has wasted much of his energy that he could have saved, if he had only taken his time.

ESTHER SINCLAIRE, '24.

Night Operator No. 14

BOB DIXON, Night Operator No. 14, of B division of the U. S. Coast Guard, was unhappy. His thoughts persisted in turning unpleasantly to that night over a year ago when he had been defeated in an amateur boxing bout at college by a hitherto unknown freshman. Dixon had been considered the best man with the gloves at Elkton College. His defeat at the hands of a "green" freshman had filled him with an unreasoning hatred of young Tom Wilson.

His unpleasant thoughts were interrupted by the steady, persistent buzz of the wireless set of which he was in charge. Still frowning, he began to take down the message. But after the first word his face became clear, and he was instantly alert. He wrote hastily and when he had finished his writing, he reread the message which he had taken down. It ran: "Help. Sinking. Four hundred miles east of Savannah. Trading Schooner John Savage."

Dixon jumped to his feet and ran swiftly to the officer-in-charge. When the latter had read the message, he summoned Capt. John Mathock of the U. S. Coast Guard Cutter Modoc and gave him brief instructions.

Five minutes later this cutter was speeding southward to the rescue of the Trading Schooner John Savage and her doomed

crew. The Modoc carried with her as substitute wireless operator, Robert Dixon.

All thru the night the cutter pushed southward and had not yet reached the vicinity of the sinking vessel when daylight broke.

At eight o'clock the captain informed Dixon that they were now nearing the position of the John Savage. "We ought to reach her inside of an hour, if she hasn't sunk," said the old sailor.

"I wonder what's the matter with her," ventured Bob.

"Probably a piece of old water-logged junk," answered Capt. Mathock. "There are too many of those derelicts sailing around these days. The companies would save money by building new schooners."

Captain Mathock's prophecy was true. Before the hour was up, they sighted the John Savage, which had almost sunken completely. The crew were floating about on spars and beams, and when they saw the Modoc speeding toward them, they sent up a shout of joy.

A few minutes later, a life-boat was carrying the crew aboard the Modoc and to safety. All except one. This was the wireless operator of the John Savage, who had bravely remained, and had been sending out calls for help all

night and morning. Now he was seen to appear on the deck of the sinking vessel, wave his hand, and jump overboard.

But his remaining strength was not enough to carry him to the Modoc. His progress became slower and slower.

Meanwhile Bob Dixon had recognized the brave wireless operator as Tom Wilson who had knocked him out in the boxing contest on that memorable night a year ago. Now was his chance to get even. To let Wilson drown! Dixon would again be the champion of Ellston! But Dixon did something very different from this. Tearing off his coat and shoes, he sprang over the rail with a cry of "Hang on, Tom!" and struck the water with a splash. And Tom Wilson recognized him.

Dixon swam desperately toward Wilson. Meanwhile the life-boat had again been lowered, but it could easily be seen that if Wilson was to be saved, it must be by Dixon. And he was saved. Wilson, struggling to the end, was beginning to sink. But a strong hand grasped his

collar and pulled him toward the approaching life-boat.

Wilson, now unconscious, was lifted into the boat and carried back to the Modoc. First aid was applied and he was revived.

A few hours later Dixon and Wilson were standing alone by the rail of the Modoc.

Wilson spoke. "I can't thank you in words for what you did for me," he said. "I was working on the vessel to pay my way thru college next term. You, of all people! Why, I thought you were my enemy for life!"

"I was working for the same thing," returned Dixon, "and as for being enemies for life, I thought so, too; but I've found my real self now, I guess. I certainly wasn't that night."

He remained thoughtful for a moment. Then he said, "Say, Tom, will you shake hands with your best friend?"

They shook hands.

JOSEPH MOORE, '26.

H₂O

I think of all the things at school
A boy has got to do,
Studying chemistry, as a rule,
Is worst of all, don't you?

Of formulas there are an awful sight,
And though I study them all each night,
There's only one I've got just right;
That's the symbol, H₂O.

The teacher usually says to me,
"Please state the formula for zinc;"
And I get a thought, which is quick to see,
And I say "It's H₂O, I think."

"Now give the formula for tin,"
He also asks of me;
And I again say "H₂O,"
For I'm so bright in chemistry.

IRVING FIREMAN, '24.

Will Honeycomb

THE other day, being supervisor of the schools, museums, homes for the infirm and all other public institutions of New York City, I had occasion

to visit an asylum for the mentally deficient, where I came upon a very interesting case.

A young doctor was showing to me the

different inmates of the asylum, when all at once he stopped before a closed door in one of the corridors. "Here," he said, "we have a patient who should be an example to all his former colleagues. He, poor fellow, used to be one of the most noted professors at Harvard College; but due to too much study and concentration, his mind gave way, and now he labors under the delusion that he is Will Honeycomb, one of the characters in the 'Sir Roger de Coverly Papers.' As long as he is undisturbed in this fancy, he is very meek and gentle, but as soon as anyone crosses him in his delusion, he becomes one of our wildest and most violent patients. Then we are forced to humor him in his whims by furnishing his room in the style of an eighteenth century coffee house and if by any chance he should mistake you for some other character of the *Addison and Steele Papers*, it will be much safer if you humor him in his madness."

Saying this he opened the door and I stepped inside. I immediately saw a somewhat elderly man, attired in doublet and hose, stride across the room and, grasping my hand, he exclaimed eagerly, "Ah! Good evening! Good evening! Sir Roger! I have been waiting some time for you to come, for I have a very curious incident to relate to you."

He then led me across the room, and seating me on an old-fashioned lounge, drew up a chair for himself. At last settled comfortably, he turned to me with an amused and puzzled expression on his face, saying, "Well, Sir Roger, last evening I had, I may say, one of the strangest experiences of my life. I was sitting here in this very chair dozing over my 'Postmen,' when all at once the scenes about me changed, and I found myself on a broad and glistening pavement in a huge city, where the houses towered

fifteen and twenty stories high. Immediately, as if by instinct, I knew this to be the twentieth century. I looked about me. Various monsters of different sizes, shapes and colors, clanged and thundered past me. Those demons I afterward learned to be locomotives, electric cars, and automobiles; but at first sight, they so paralyzed me with fear that doubtless I should still be standing rooted there, if I had not been caught and forced along by a crowd of people issuing from tunnels in the ground. By no volition of my own, I was pushed along with many other people into a queer, oblong compartment known as the subway trolley. Completely exhausted, I considered myself indeed fortunate when I finally obtained a seat on a narrow bench running the length of the car. But no sooner was I seated, than a bold young person standing nearby turned on me and said, 'Huh! Fine gentleman you are? Wouldn't even offer a lady a seat! Ain't you got no manners?' So this was a lady! But she had trousers on, and short hair and a cigarette! I still hold that my mistake was a natural one; nevertheless, with much ceremony I made a deep bow and gave up my place. Many were the experiences I underwent, but none stunned me so much as this I have just related! A masculine woman!

"During the evening hours, I visited a 'Jazz Palace,' where my ears were nearly deafened by the barbaric music, a roof garden, where beautiful girls with shapely legs danced and performed, and a restaurant, where I dined on exquisite foods and sipped nectar fit for the gods.

"While tasting this delightful beverage, my mind became a blank and I came to, to find myself once more in this room.

"It may have been a dream as you say, but it seems too real, too vivid not to have actually occurred!

"But I suppose coffee is more to your taste than dreams. Just a minute, 'Sir Roger,' and I'll be back with some." With this he left me to myself; and while he was busy in the little ante-room, I made my escape. On the way home I

pondered over this incident, wondering what the feelings of the real Will Honeycomb would be if he did come to life in this age of unceasing commotion and change.

GRACE POTTER, '25.

Blame the Schools

If your daughter does no work,
Blame the schools!
If she always tries to shirk,
Blame the schools!
And then if she goes out at seven
But does not return 'til 'leven,
Blame the schools!

If your sons are over bold,
Blame the schools!
So that you just have to scold,
Blame the schools!
If you feel like being witty,
Here's a title for your ditty,
"Darn that stupid school committee
And the schools"!

GERTRUDE BERMAN, '26.

Community Pests

SEVERAL people have written long eulogies on the subject of "Human Kindness," but I cannot refrain from calling your attention to some of the *unkind* acts of our fellow men.

One unkind act and, incidentally, an unnecessary one, which I noticed a few days ago was this. I was riding in an elevated train which was well filled. The seats, you remember, face each other and line both sides of the car. A man, very centrally located, began to yawn—not once, but several times. Every time he saw some one looking at him, he immediately yawned. It took about two minutes before he accomplished his purpose, but he enjoyed the result—every one in the car was trying vainly to stifle a yawn. Then he laughed and laughed. To my mind such a person as this man is a menace to the community.

But he is not the only pest our community holds. Picture this with me. A

very thrilling moving picture,—the heroine is being burned to death—the hero struggling up a rocky mountain to reach her in time—and the unromantic brute in front of you rises, puts on his overcoat, hunts under his seat for his hat, and finally goes out. But not soon enough for you to see what the heroine did when she was rescued. Oh! If he had only been chained to the seat, then you might have seen all the picture.

Continuing from the point where we were so rudely interrupted by the unromantic pest, let us watch the picture—pick up the shreds and piece it together—then a title is flashed on the screen. What now! The woman who just came in and sat behind you begins to read. Every word is slowly spoken aloud and then translated into some foreign language for the benefit of her companion. Isn't it hard to listen to it? Couldn't she have spoken a little more softly?

My mother says these people are not half as hard to endure as the book agents who insist that she can't afford to be without their books, whether they are selling cook-books, dictionaries, law books, or books on astrology—it is all the same; she can't afford to be without them. When she says she has no money, they do not believe it and she must finally shut the door to prevent a gushing line of talk.

Dad doesn't agree. He says that he could shoot willingly the big, stout, fellow who sits in front of him at the ball game. When the quarterback catches the ball, and starts rushing down the field, Mr. Stout Gentleman becomes excited and immediately rises, obstructing all view, either to the right or left, up or down (father is small, you know).

My brother has a different idea as to who is the greater nuisance in the community. He is an usher in a large church. One morning three girls came to the service. There were many people there who had taken seats in the rear of the church. Ralph (my brother) walked down the aisle determined that someone should sit in those front seats. But to his utter surprise and chagrin, when he turned, held out his hand, and pointed toward the intended seat, the girls were not there. They had slipped him and slid into a back seat. They smiled sweetly at him as he passed on his way to the door.

Isn't there some means by which we can rid ourselves of such people? I wish there were.

ALICE SMITH, '24.

Norwood's Football Team

Fourscore and twenty years ago,
When time was young and things went
slow,
One of the things we did not know
Was Norwood's football team.

As years went by and time did mould
A group of fighting warriors bold,
Unheard of in the days of old,
Came Norwood's football team.

They fought each year to do or die,
And as successive years sped by,
In rank they brought their name on high,
As Norwood's football team.

Of weight and size they never fear,
In victory never in the rear;
Now let us give one final cheer
For Norwood's football team.

FRED J. PENDERGAST, '25.

A Narrow Escape

AS I had attained my ambition to be the richest man in the world, I decided to take life easy the next few months and go to Paris. I called up the office of the New York-Paris Air Line and told them to save a berth for me on the night plane.

While my valet was packing some of my clothes, I happened to glance at a

two-day-old newspaper and saw an item that said, "June 3, 1983. Ten lives were lost on the 'Vermont' of the New York-Paris Air Line last night. The plane having tipped to one side, the passengers, who were on deck, fell out." This incident passed thru my mind without any comment.

I arrived at the hangar with fifteen

minutes to spare; so I decided to look over what was going to be my home for the next few days. The plane was about one hundred yards long and eighty feet high. Inside I found a dining-hall and a dance-hall. On the second floor were the berths. As I was looking for my berth I heard the signal that the plane was about to start.

I was shown my stateroom and went to sleep. When it was about two o'clock in the morning and we were about fifteen hundred miles out, I heard the cry "Fire! Fire!" I jumped out of bed and put on

the first thing that I grabbed, and ran on deck. The plane lurched and I went over the side. I hit the ocean with a terrible bang. I picked myself up and found myself standing in front of an indignant teacher who had a ruler raised and was about to strike me again. She asked me to explain the meaning of my rowdyish actions of waving my hands and kicking my desk, and then throwing my books on the floor. When I tried to tell her that I had been asleep, she told me to report to the principal.

WALTER LAPPIN, '26.

School

Pupil's Opinion—Every morning as I enter the school, I wonder why I am not paid for going and working so hard all day. If I come to school with my lessons unfinished, I am made to come back in the afternoon to do them over. Many times I wish they would "fire" me, but I have no such good luck. They expect me to do my lessons at home, but if I did I should not have enough time for "movies" and all the other sports.

Some days I do not feel like going to school, but I am compelled to. If I don't go willingly I shall be taken by an officer. Only yesterday I was kept after school two hours for throwing a harmless paper-ball at my neighbor's head. It did not hurt my friend, or anyone else; so why did I have to spend two dreadful hours after school? Oh, merely because of a teacher's whim!

Grown-up's Opinion—If I only had a second chance to live my life over, I should certainly make more of my education. I am now offered a higher position, only I know my English is not sufficiently good to hold down the job. I should like to have those good days over again when I finished school at about one o'clock and then had some "real" fun playing basket ball, football, baseball and those other "real" sports; and even after this I used to have time to fool around the house, or do home work, of which I admit I did very little. How I should like to spend a few days, when I might return home without sore muscles and headaches. I would give a lot for only a week like that!

ERNEST SHUTE, '26.

From the Autobiography of an African Hunter

I WORMED my way slowly and carefully thru the dense foliage. I held my rifle in one hand. I held my life in this hand too. With my other, I brushed

aside the ferns and vines and peered out thru them, before making any advance. I dreaded to push forward, and yet I knew I could not stay still.

I was the only member surviving from a party of twenty, which three weeks before had set out to obtain four or five full grown gorillas for the Metropolitan Museum. The most warlike tribe of negroes in all Africa had attacked us yesterday, and had either killed or captured every member of the party but me. I knew that they were aware that I was alive, and I also knew that they were determined that I should not remain long in that state.

For ten hours they had been pursuing me like a pack of hounds; for ten hours I had eluded them, criss-crossing back and forth thru the net-like undergrowth.

I started to advance, when I suddenly heard a rustle in front of me! I dropped down on one knee and scanned the bushes before me, holding my rifle in instant readiness. However, I heard nothing but the chirp of a cricket and the murmur of the breeze as it passed thru this tropical forest. I had about decided that all was well, when I heard a stealthy step directly in back of me! I was petrified with fear, for I knew my last moment had come. I turned quickly; as I did so, an arrow pierced my heart, killing me instantly.

CHARLES FLAHERTY, '24.

The Fir-Tree in Winter

O stately queen of the woodland,
 Arrayed in an emerald gown;
 The wind comes whistling past your
 hand,
 But still you do not frown.

The snowflakes briskly round you play;
 Your needles are capped with white;
 No more do birds your branches sway:
 It is only the wind of night.

You are the queen! the queen of them all,
 For gone are the robes of the rest.
 Snow at your feet, and snow over all,
 'Tis now you're at your best.

GERTRUDE BATAITUS, '25.

Vice Versa

WHEN the afternoon train puffed noisily away from the insignificant little mountain station, the only passenger for that place, "Dodger" Collins, slipped off the box where he had been lounging and slouched uncertainly across the platform.

"Reckon you're the man I'm lookin' fer," he said half inquiringly as he approached the new arrival, a neatly dressed man who had not yet reached that period

in life called middle age. "If you're the new owner of the Rock Bridge Mine what's just come in from the East, I'm here to guide you across the mountains to it."

"I'm your man—Harmon is my name," the stranger replied. "Just wait until I see about having my baggage sent out, and I will be ready to start."

Harmon turned toward the door of the little box-car station, giving "Dodger"

the opportunity for a quick glance of appraisal.

"Just about my size, but I reckon I can handle him when the time comes," Dodger muttered to himself.

When Harmon came out of the store, the guide picked up the baggage and the two men started out upon the trail.

At nightfall they made camp by a spring near the pass in the mountains. After an early breakfast the next morning, they again took up the trail. They had covered almost half the distance to the mine when they reached a fork in the trail where the guide turned to the left. The path was rougher than any they had encountered, and appeared to swing in a curve far out of the course they had been pursuing.

Harmon stopped suddenly. "Say, aren't you on the wrong trail?" he asked with a note of uneasiness.

With only a grunt for reply, the guide turned as if to continue on the way. He had taken but a step or two when he whirled with incredible swiftness, and the astonished mine owner found himself looking into the muzzle of a stubby revolver.

"Wh-what kind of holdup is this?" Harmon demanded, his hands high over his head. "No use to take me off the trail and rob me of what little money I have. Take it and welcome."

"Huh! They's bigger stakes than what change you carry."

"I see," Harmon replied. "It is a scheme to jump some of the best claims that haven't been developed, and on the grounds that the assessment work hasn't been done."

"Aw, cut it short," Dodger snarled. "You rich guys give me a pain. You oughta swap places once, then you'd

find out you ain't so much more than me."

"How would you like to trade places with me now?" queried Harmon.

"Huh! Just to show you, Mr. Smart Aleck, I will trade clothes. Shuck them duds off, now."

Dodger doffed his own disreputable outer garments, and these he forced the prisoner to put on in place of the ones he had removed.

Intoxicated by the turn of fortune that had passed, Dodger forgot for a while that he was acting under orders. With his chest thrust out, he swaggered along ten feet behind his prisoner, proudly fingering the heavy gold watch chain.

Stooped slightly forward under the pack, Harmon might easily have been taken for the man whose clothes he wore and even Dodger's close acquaintances must have looked more than once to recognize him.

The trail passed around the base of a bare hill, with huge rocks scattered unevenly on the upper side. Below was a fringe of aspen that hid the gulch a few rods away.

As they rounded this hill, a crash of a rifle fired at close range rent the air. Dodger Collins threw up his head and staggered backward. Harmon leaped from the trail and disappeared in the safety of the aspen thicket.

Dodger lay there, powerless to speak. He knew that Bill Solomon would not miss the second time.

The report of a gun fired a second time and the impact of the bullet came so nearly together that Dodger was barely conscious of the sound. An overwhelming blackness enveloped him.

He had swapped places, and he had paid the penalty.

KATHRYN E. WELCH, '24.

Norwood in Nineteen Fifty

I HAVE witnessed an amazing thing.

As I was walking down Washington Street, I met an old man. "Good day!" was his greeting. As I had no acquaintance with him, I stared at him rather rudely, and then a strange thing happened. The stranger held me with his glittering eye and said, "It is given to you to witness a sight that will not be seen by others of your generation until they are in their prime of life!" He then handed me a small wand, and I clutched it tightly. "Now look around you," he said.

I won't attempt to describe the surprise and delight I had at seeing my surroundings. The time had changed to the year nineteen hundred fifty and time had changed my surroundings.

To begin with, there were no vehicles

on the street. Oh yes, people were using mechanical means of transportation, but the street was for pedestrians only. All the buildings had been moved right out to the curbstone, where they towered up from seventy-five to eighty stories.

But now the crowning event happened. As I looked up the street, I saw a figure coming down. Was it a woman? No, it couldn't be! Yet it was. She had knickers on and a stiff collar and tie; and she was wearing a man's soft hat and a vest; and she was smoking a "Seventy-four."

I was so excited that I dropped the wand. Immediately the scene vanished, and when I turned the old man and his wand were both gone.

GERTRUDE BERMAN, '26.

The Disappearance of Sir Roger De Coverly

Sir Roger marched along the time
To nineteen twenty-three;
He saw a locomotive pass,
And wondered where was he.

He heard an automobile honk,
As he did cross the street;
We saw him go, ten miles an hour;
He seemed to be quite fleet.

He tried to get across a stream;
A boat went rushing by;
He looked in fright, not down but up;
A plane buzzed in the sky.

The poor man was entire dismayed;
He shrank from strain of fear;
It was a wonder, through the earth
To see him disappear.

MARY WOLFE, '25.

An Interruption

IT is early morning. The chief, looking fiercely at two captives, gives his men orders: "Put them in separate dungeons." One, a young American girl, becomes pale with fright and looks at her companion, a young man. The prisoners are taken out of the palace and led to a house nearby. In a corner sits an Indian girl

who whispers to the girl captive, "I will help you." The captives are given coarse food and put into dungeons. The girl sits patiently and the young man is very nervous. He does not know of the Indian girl's promise.

It is now midnight. There is no moon. A figure creeps through the grass and

around the corner where the guard sleeps. The keys by his side slip slowly, slowly; now they are in the lock; a whisper to the girl and she is up in the room; a whisper to the young man and he is with them. The three creep stealthily along out the door toward the long grass. The girl in passing brushes the guard's coat arousing him from his sleep. The three then run and are not far from him when Indian whoops and cries are heard and nearly the whole village joins in the pursuit.

"Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!"—Dinner.

"Aw, gee, ma!"

"Come right now. I've waited long enough."

"Oh, all right. Hey, Joe, don't take your things home; we'll use 'em this afternoon. Don't bring your sister unless you have to, because she's always in the way." Then aside to his companions, "I hope the other kids don't make us keep our promise to let them take our parts this afternoon. I like to be the chief one. 'Bye.'"

MARGARET OWENS, '25.



Junior High School People: We want our department in this "Arguenot" to be as good as the sophomores', juniors' and seniors' departments, and we can make it so if we try.

"Where there is a will there is a way." It may be hard to write; but if nobody tries, where will our paper be? If the

others can do it, we can; surely we don't want to be beaten by them. Let's make every issue better than the one before and have our department one that everyone will want to read and will enjoy thoroughly.

ELIZABETH BLUMENKRANZ.

Junior High Notes

THE pupils of the seventh grade have returned to the Everett School after a month in Norwood High School.

Repairs have been made in the Everett School while the seventh grades were

going to school with the eighth grades in the afternoon.

The seventh grades will go back to the old hours while the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors will go to school from 8 a. m. to 1.15 p. m.

The Unknown Strangers

ONE cold, dark night, when the snow was falling fast, I was going home from a lawyer's office where I had just learned that a large fortune had been left to me by an unknown person.

All of a sudden two dark forms appeared on each side of me, and the next instant I knew that I was being whirled away in an auto, but where I did not know.

After two hours' ride, which seemed ages to me, we stopped at an old tumble-down house by the country road.

I was hurried into the dark house by my two companions, and left alone: where they went I did not know.

About five minutes later, standing where they left me, for I was too frightened to move, I heard a bell ringing and the opening and shutting of doors.

The next instant I was again being moved, but this time up a flight of stairs into a dimly-lighted room. The candle which lighted the room brought out such

funny shadows on the wall that it made me feel more creepy than did the unknown companions and their silence.

I was seated in a chair in front of my first two companions while the third sat opposite me.

At last the silence was broken by my third leader demanding three-fourths of my inheritance.

Being very angry and frightened, I started throwing at them everything that I could get hold of with my free hand, while the other one was held fast by the ice-cold hand belonging to one of the men, who tried to stop me but was unsuccessful.

Then an amazing thing happened. I opened my eyes and found myself at the foot of the bed throwing the pillows around with one hand while with the other I was holding onto the cold bed.

This was the end of my unknown kidnappers and the wonderful inheritance.

SADIE SIVILINSKI, '27.

What Luck!

ON Hartford Street, near the slums of a large city, stood a Newsboy's Home where all who had no homes or parents could go. Johnny was among the many children who were so situated. As one might expect, we find a rather loud and ill-mannered group of boys.

Ever since he could remember, Johnny had been here. No one knew just where he had come from. If he were asked he would reply, "Just came." Johnny had the same things to do day after day—go for his papers, deliver them and go back "home" to a queer kind of play. Very often Johnny was brought out to be "inspected" for adoption—sometimes for a

woman and sometimes for a man. They never seemed to be really satisfied and would go away with some other child. One day luck changed.

Into the parlor came a well-dressed woman who made the announcement that she wished to adopt a child. When Johnny was brought in, he was sure something was "up" as he termed it. Soon he found himself riding to another home. Years went by and his new mother found it hard to bear when he was bound to say, "Gee!" or something else just as trying.

Finally she succeeded in training him to her satisfaction and at the age of

fifteen he was the ideal type of American boy.

He thought it was very nice to have a mother and wished that all his "home" playmates could be as lucky.

The change was brought about by the fact that he was training with the football team. Then he found that he must do all the things his mother had tried so

hard to teach him. He must be a gentleman, have nice manners, obey his superiors without question and keep good hours. He was a fine, strong boy and brought great honor to his school.

As his friends in the newsboy "home" read of his successes on the football field they exclaimed, "Gee! what luck!"

ELIZABETH WALKER, '27.

Noel

Le matin de Noël, Roger se leève à sept heures. Il court à la chambre de son frère et s'écrie: "Réveillez-vous, réveillez-vous! Vite! Papa Noël a été ici, Le gentil bonhomme à barbe blanche."

François saute à bas de son lit et ils court au salon.

Dans le salon il y a un beau arbre décoré avec de jolis cadeaux. Il y a des cadeaux pour Roger et pour François et aussi des cadeaux pour leur mère et leur père.

Roger a reçu trois livres, une balle, un gros tambour, une bicyclette, et des bonbons.

François a reçu: une toupie, un ballon, un petit aéroplane, une trampette, trois livres, un train, et aussi des bonbons. Les deux garçons sont très rieurs. Ils disent à tout monde:

"Nous vous souhaitons un joyeux Noël et une bonne année."

EDNA CLEMENTS, '27.

Johnny

Johnny, to grow big and strong,
Exercises all day long.

He likes to do it, for you see,
A soldier boy he wants to be.

In the ranks he'll fight for glory,
And at home will tell his story.

That Johnny's a boy of bravery,
All the youngsters will agree.

PETER CLEM, 9B.

Katherine's Sacrifice

KATHERINE, while walking home thru the woods one night, was surprised to hear music. Such music she had never heard before. Sweet and low it was wafted to her on the breeze. It lured her on. Then it was interrupted by a shrill cry, "Run for your lives!"

Just then Katherine came to a circle of light and there in the center sat the

Queen of the Fairies surrounded by her frightened subjects. Katherine stepped into the circle and instantly she became a fairy.

As the moon was waning, the Queen took her by the arm and off they flew to Fairyland. "Now," said the Queen, "tomorrow you must go out and bring to me the first three girls you meet."

The next day Katherine did as she was told, but the first three she met were her sisters. She tried to tell them to hide, but even as she spoke they became fairies.

Oddly enough, Katherine was not happy, but lay awake nights. One night she heard the Queen say to her waiting-maid, "Elsie, I like Katherine and I hope we shall never, never lose her. To get away she must first die, for you know if fairies die, they become mortals."

After hearing this, Katherine slipped out of bed to think. Her sisters must get home; but how? After a while she decided that a Prince must come.

Katherine sent for a Prince and told him what to do, but he knew the Queen and said he would get her sisters home.

Taking each sister, he threw her into the well. "Now," he thought, "how shall I get them out?" He let down a rope and Katherine let her sisters get out first. By the time Katherine's turn came the fairies were coming; so she called, "Go while you can. The fairies are coming."

Reluctantly the Prince said good-bye to the sisters and left. The fairies came and, pleased with Katherine's sacrifice, took her out of the well and back to where she had first met them. She was a mortal again, but before she left, the Queen told her that any moonlight night she might come and be a fairy until dawn.

Later Katherine met the Prince and they were married. Every night they go to the fairy ring and dance till dawn.

BARBARA ROBERTS, '27.

Don't Stop at Second

Philadelphia and New York were playing a game of baseball at the Polo Grounds, in 1922. It was the ninth inning with a tie score. The Phillies had been retired in order in their half of the inning. In turn, two Giants were out, with a weak batter up and Frisch on second. He was a wonderful runner, possessing more than the usual amount of brains. He would not depend on the batter's skill; he would steal third and home.

He watched the pitcher's motions and got a big lead. He was off like a flash as the pitcher wound up, reaching third by an eyelash. The catcher settled down, not thinking this daring man would try again. As a result, the pitcher didn't have his usual caution. Frisch took every inch of lead that was safe. The

pitcher wound up, and he shot for home. It looked like a sure putout. He hit the dirt in a cloud of dust and tagged the plate as the ball was jammed into his ribs. He was safe!

His perseverance teaches us a lesson. You and I have rounded first, the grammar school, and reached second, the high school. Only unusual caution will keep us there. Don't stop at second! Go on to third or college!

After reaching third, watch out: success in this hard world, or home plate, is facing you. Don't lean on others to help you along. Depend on yourself: then you will reach home. We all will arrive at that goal if we number among our virtues that great asset, perseverance.

EDMUND G. CAINE.



Football

Dedham vs. Norwood

An immense throng crowded the Civic field to witness this game. The field was not in the best condition, due to recent rain; but despite this, the game was a fairly fast one. The Norwood Band entertained before the game and between the halves.

Dedham boasted the best team that had represented them in years, having been beaten only by the champion St. James' team, 12 to 7.

The outlook for Norwood during the first half was not exactly bright. Dedham seemed to have the better team, for it scored a touchdown.

After the fifteen minutes' rest between the first and second halves, the wearers of the blue and white came onto the field a changed team. It was only two or three minutes before Dower threw a forward pass to Allen for a touchdown, which tied the score.

Norwood outplayed Dedham during the rest of the game, tried to score many times, while on the other hand, the Norwood goal was never in danger of being crossed. In the last play Drummey was injured while running back a punt, but he quickly recovered. Thus ended the annual contest between Norwood and Dedham.

Bridgewater Normal vs. Norwood

Norwood's next opponent was Bridgewater Normal. This team included several former Brockton High players and a few from Bridgewater High.

Bridgewater Normal showed a decided lack of team play and to this may be attributed their defeat. Buckley, the fleet halfback from Bridgewater, was the outstanding star of the game, along with Drummey, Norwood's quarterback. Drummey's ninety-nine yard run was a stunt seldom seen on the football field.

Bridgewater traveled home with a defeat of 20 to 0.

* * *

North Attleboro vs. Norwood

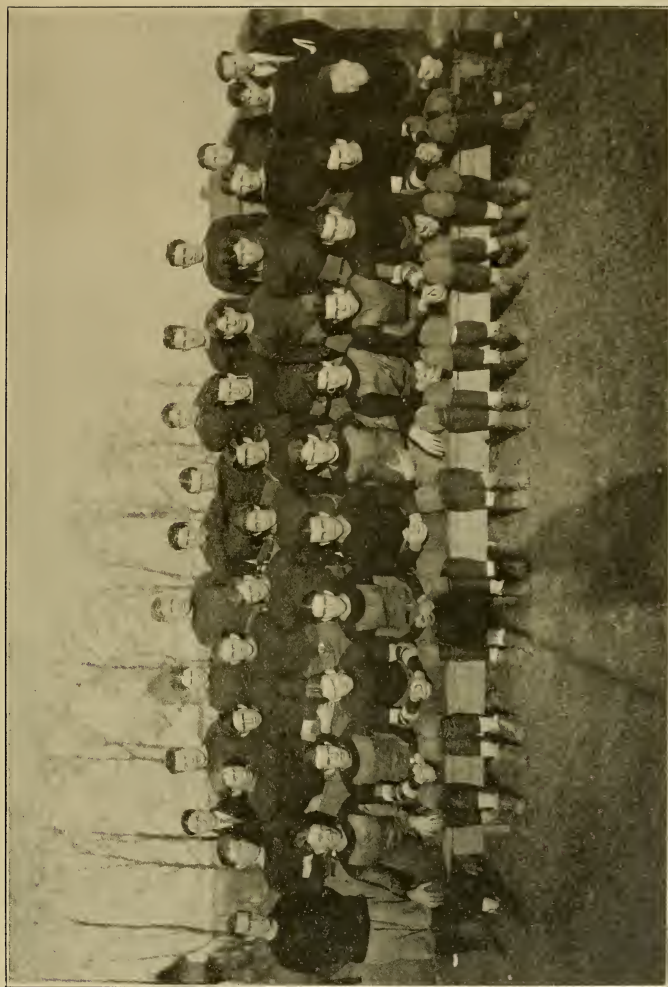
Norwood overwhelmed North Attleboro at the Civic field in a game of old-fashioned football, with a few forward passes, which were thrown when North Attleboro least expected them.

Lovely, the star half-back from North Attleboro, tried with indifferent success to penetrate the Norwood defense. He broke away for a few long runs, but the Norwood line proved a stone-wall when the goal was in danger.

* * *

Norwood vs. Watertown

On its next start, Norwood battled Watertown, on the Watertown Athletic



NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM, 1923.

Field and emerged from the contest on the good end of a 19-0 score.

Norwood found no difficulty in going thru the Watertown line for good gains. They also completed some good overhead passes, whenever the occasion demanded. Watertown found it almost impossible to get by the aggressive forward line of Benny Murray's boys.

* * *

Stoughton vs. Norwood

On Thanksgiving morning, Norwood played Stoughton, winning by the score of 14 to 0.

This was a harder fought game than was anticipated by the Norwood adherents.

* * *

Clifton N. J. vs. Norwood

This was the game of the year. Norwood had been working up to this game all season. Clifton had last year's victorious team practically intact.

The game itself was very fast and sensational, featuring many long end runs and forward passes. The Norwood line completely smothered the fast Clifton backs who, in the previous year, had broken away for many long gains. Norwood played the best game of their

season, winning by the score of 14 to 3. They would have undoubtedly white-washed Clifton, but for the splendid field goal by Chimenti, the Clifton quarterback, in the closing moments of the battle.

"Mike" Spierdowis, next year's captain, played a remarkable game for Norwood.

* * *

Medford vs. Norwood

In a post season game for the championship of the State, Norwood encountered Medford at Medford.

Medford, the champion of the suburban league, was considered the strongest high school aggregation in the East, and they proved to all doubters that they were not a bit over-rated.

This game is past history so there is no need of elaborating further. The score, when the final whistle blew, was Medford 34, Norwood 0.

A fine record has been established by the Norwood High School football team under the excellent coaching of Benny Murray. Only three games have been lost in three years, two this year, and one the year before. This without doubt is an accomplishment of which to be proud.

Basket Ball

Norwood High opened its season with three veterans of last year, Capt. Drummey, Karshis and Dower. The outlook for the coming games is certainly bright. One game has been played which showed that Norwood possessed a very strong team.

* * *

Norwood vs. Walpole

Walpole put up a strong defense, but the pass-work of the Norwood quintet

proved an obstacle that they could not overcome. The passing of Drummey and MacLean was excellent and the shooting of Dower was a feature. It was next to impossible for the Walpole forwards to get by Karshis, the sturdy Norwood guard. Fisher played a remarkable game for Walpole. The final score stood Norwood 21, Walpole 9.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

Marcus Iulio Salutem Dicit

Si vales bene est, Ego valeo. Aestate iucundissima exacta Neapoli redii Romam ante diem quintum Kalendas Novembres. Hesterno die frequentare scholam iterum incepti. Praeceptus est vir doctus et severus qui omnia scire videtur. Hoc me gratiam habere debere puto, sed non habeo. Hoc anno Latinitatem, Graecumque (o horrible dictu!) historiamque, doctrinamque dicendi, tabulamque duodecim legum studebimus. Praeterea poemata Naevii Enniique, comoediasque Plauti, poemataque conversa. Homeri legemus. Utinam me scholam frequentare ne oporteret! Mallem ad Orientem cum exercitu Pompei ire et pro Roma pugnare.

HARRIET GAY, '24.

Cicero

Marcus Tullius Cicero natus est Arpino, apud aliquos colles. Hoc oppidum erat in Italia prope Romam. Cicero, adulescens, habitavit hic. Cum cognovisset aliquid ivit Romam ut doceretur ab optimis viris. De eis repperit leges et sapientiam.

Cicero erat altus atque debilitatus in corpore. Civile Bello, is servivit paulo miles sed reversus est ut studeret Romae. Postea intravit Forum et opposuit eullam in lege.

Tenuit aliquot magistratus et tum factus est consul. Anno sui magistratus Catilina coniuravit contra eum sed vicit coniurationem. Cicero et Pompeius, imperator legionum erant amice et ei defenderunt rem publicam, dum Caesar factus est potens.

Cicero iuvavit Pompeium contra Caes-

arem et tum fugit ex Roma propter suum temorem eius (Caesaris). Is scripsit aliquos libros et tandem revocabatur ab Caesare quod eius auctoritatem sentiit.

Postquam Caesar occisus est, Cicero oppressit Antonium multis orationibus. Propter eas Cicero interfectus est ab legatione de Antonio.

M. CAVERLY, '25.

Caesar et Inimicus

Cum Iulia, filia Caesaris, et Crassus mortui essent, Caesar et Pompeius erant inimici. Itaque Pompeius conatus est prohibere Caesarem a principatu consulis. Sed milites Pompeii in Graecia erant et eos convocare non poterat. Caesar at milites sui Rubiconem flumen Roman transiverunt. Ea res bellum cum Romanis confirmavit.

Ita Caesar, civis et amicus Romae, Romanis non gratus erat.

BARBARA JORDAN.

Olim vis alteri viro dixit, "Cui usui sunt nostra capita? Nostri pedes ambulat, nostri oculi vident, nostri aures audiunt. Omnia faciunt aliquid praeter nostra capita."

"Alter vis respondit," quam stultus tu es! Si non capita habeamus, in quo geramus nostros pileos?

IRVING FIREMAN, '25.

La Résolution

Ninette était une jeune fille riche—aussi elle était belle. Elle avait des cheveux bouclés luisants et très noirs, deux grands yeux noirs qui étincelaient souvent, des joues le couleur de rose et deux levres très rouges et souvants qui

montraient, quand Ninette riait,—un chose qui arrivait souvent,—des dents tout blancs comme les perles. Certainement elle était belle, la petite Ninette.

Le premier jour de janvier, elle a fait des résolutions. Elle a décidé surtout qu'elle n'aurait pas être arrêtée pour expédier dans son petit automobile gris. Après avoir fait cette résolution elle a décidé avec fermeté de le tenir.

Un mois après, Ninette était dans sa chambre, se promenant furieusement le long de la salle. Tout à coup la petite s'arrêta et frappa un pied délicat.

—Pourquoi ma robe n'est-elle pas encore arrivée, elle demanda à la bonne qui était près d'elle.

—Je ne sais pas, mademoiselle, elle murmura, ils ont dit qu'elle serait ici ce matin, mais voilà, elle n'est pas ici.

—Ma foi, s'écria Ninette, il est bien cinq heures et dimie et il faut que j'aie cette robe pour le fête ce soir. Mon Dieu, qu'est-ce que je ferai maintenant?

Bientôt la petite s'exclama.—Je sais, j'irai moi-même dans mon cheval de route. Les magasins se ferment à six heures. Si je m'hate j'y irai assez bientôt.

Elle se mettait un chapeau et un habit, se poudrait le nez et puis elle courait à son automobile. Une seconde après, elle était disparue. Elle arrivait au magasin à six heures moins deux minutes. Elle découvrit que sa robe avait été déplacée mais après long temps, elle était trouvée. Pendant tout ce temps le clerc demandait "milles pardons."

Avant de parler chez elle, la petite regarda son joli montre d'or. Il était déjà sept heures moins vingt. Il fallait qu'elle aille le distance dans vingt minutes parce qu'elle avait besoin d'une heure pour dîner et s'habiller et Robert vendrait pour elle à huit heures.

Quand Ninette était dehors de la ville, elle se mettait de conduire le petit auto-

mobile plus et plus vite. Elle se souvenait de sa résolution mais elle n'avait pas dit qu'elle ne pourrait pas conduire très vite, mais seulement qu'elle n'aurait pas être arrêtée.

Alors plus et plus vite elle allait—quarant, quarant cinq cinquant. Mais tout à coup a entendu le bruit familier d'un automobilisme. Donc quand l'officier l'a rattrapé elle arrêta l'automobile.

—Votre nom, votre license, le nombre de votre automobile, il disait pendant qu'il cherchait un petit cahier et un crayon.

Ninette hésita. Va-t-elle violer sa résolution? Elle pensait que non.

Au même temp le vent soufflait le joli chapeau devant d'elle et lui, mené par le vent, roulait une grande distance.

—Oh s'écria Ninette avec une exclamation suprisée. L'officier, voulant d'être bon prince, se levait tout de suite et courait après le chapeau.

Maintenant était sa chance et Ninette qui avait beaucoup d'esprit, l'aprit.

Vivement elle se mettait conduire le petit automobile.

Bien entendu, il coûta la petite le beau chapeau mais quoi de ça? Elle avait beaucoup de chapeaux et elle pouvait acheter beaucoup d'autres. De plus, elle arriverait chez elle assez bientôt et surtout elle avait tenu sa résolution.

—Encore l'officier ne se facha pas parce qu'il avait un chapeau très chic pour donner à son amoureuse.

MARY P. BALBONI, '25.

Des Reflections d'un Senior, Junior, Sophomore sur les Autre Classes

La plus bonne classe est notre classe!
Toujours les hauts est votre place—
Nous y montons—facile pour nous
Mais c'est trop difficile pour vous.

C'est votre classe qui l'école sauve
 Elle la donnent des riches, la pauvre!
 C'est nos élèves qui toujours menent.
 El l'honneur de l'école ils tiennent.

La classe plus brave et bonne et belle—
 La première classe du monde est elle!
 Comment? Pourquoi? La force a qui?
 C'est moi qui a cette grande parti!

MYRTHA S. LINDEBERG, '25.

Estudiando Un Idioma

Hay muchas personas que piensan que es muy difícil estudiar un idioma extranjero. Posiblemente que sí, pero hay algunos idiomas que están muy interesantes y cuando un idioma es interesante, es también fácil estudiarlo. Yo creo que hay muchas personas que no pueden estudiar un idioma bien pero hay también personas que pueden hacerlo muy bien. Un ejemplo es que muchas personas no piensan nada de los idiomas y por esta razón pierden mucho. Ellos no saben cuanto ellos pierden y cuanto mejor sería si ellos estudiarían algún idioma.

Por ejemplo, el español es un idioma muy interesante y muchas veces es muy fácil estudiarlo. Ya lo creo, hay veces cuando es difícil también pero eso es bueno para los estudiantes, así que ellos pueden pensar mucho y comprender muy bien. Si usted estudia mucho desde el principio de un año al fin, el año próximo será muy fácil y usted será muy agradable a hablar, escribir, y leer el español.

Hay personas que dicen que el español no es un idioma importante pero yo no creo que es así. Yo creo que el idioma español es un idioma que será estudiado siempre. El español es muy bueno para los estudiantes que estudian negocio porque muchos países del América del Sud tienen el idioma español y algunos, aunque ellos no tienen este idioma con

mucha importancia ellos pueden hablarlo muy bien. Así que yo creo que es muy bien estudiar un idioma, y los estudiantes que pueden, y no están estudiándolo, están haciendo una equivocación muy triste.

GEORGE FREDERICKSON.

Lo Que vale un Medico

Hace tres años, dos muchachos se encontraban en un pequeño pueblo en las Montañas Blancas. Ellos se ponían buenos amigos. Un día uno de ellos decía al otro, "Subimos Mt. Webster mañana. La respuesta fué, "Bueno," El día próximo ellos partían por la montaña en un automóvil. Cuando ellos llegaban a la montaña, empezaban subirla. Todo fué bien por un rato, cuando uno de los muchachos vaciló. Al fin ellos llegaban a la automóvil. Por cuatro días el aparecía tan bien como junca. Luego fué a un médico y fué contado que su pierna era rompida. Ud ve que sí el había esperado mucho tiempo su pierna habría sido peor. Et no apareció estar apurado de esto. Yendo al médico el salió de mucho dolor como Ud puede ver.

LEA TOWNE.

El Iniciativo Del Clase En Espanol

La clase de español tiene ahora una tertulia. A la primera conferencia había mucho alegría. A la segunda conferencia había mucho más alegría. Los oficiales congregaron con la maestra y hacían planes por un iniciativa. Los miembros de la tertulia congregaban en la sala doscientos a las tres de la tarde de lunes. El presidente, el señor Molloy, les habló y una conferencia no fué mantenido; solamente el iniciativa. El presidente llamó el nombre de cada miembro y la secretaria, la señorita Howes, le presentó con un regalo.

El señor Allen recibió una pequeña botella de ponche y entonces él tenía que bailar por la audiencia. El lo hizo bien.

Entonces fué el vez del señor Flaherty. El recibió una caja de lápices para el pastel. El ensayó a ayudar al señor Allen a clavar una taza, llenada de agua, en el pared. El señor Allen dejo caer el clavo y cuando el señor Flaherty le recogió, el agua ha caído en su cuello de él.

El señor Molloy ha recibido una ratonera como él ya coge.

Las señoritas Fanning y Swift dirán alguén como ellos quieren las dulces del iniciativo. Todos los miembros recibieron algun regalo. Los otros miembros de la clase deben de venir a las encuentras y nõ olviden ustedes sus cargas. Por la tesorera.

M. B. OWENS, '25.

La Nieve

De esta escuela yo soy un estudiante;
A mi la nieve es muy interesante.

Me gusta mucho ver por la ventana
Y observar los pájaros por la mañana.

Los pájaros que están en la nieve blanca
Me acuerdan de la provincia de Salamanca,

Dónde estan muchos pájaros rojos
Y pájaros verdes que son bonitos a los ojos.

Muchas veces yo veo caer
La nieve, en que es posible traer,
Por el trineo, las cosas que necesito yo
Para vivir buena vida en este mundo.

O. JOHNSON.

HISTORY DEPARTMENT

Industrial Revolution

I

Over England's landscape fair
A small cloud gathered and hovered there,
And gathered in depth 'til the thundrous
 roar
Of machinery came forevermore.

II

Where once the sleek brown cattle grazed,
Factories belched their smoke and haze,
And from over hill and over vale
The breezes brought the children's wail.

III

Each clanging wheel, each steaming stack
Advanced the stream and ne'er turned
 back,
And day by day increased the toll
Of worn-out body and worn-out soul.

IV

Down thru the ages comes the stream
With food of coal and breath of steam—
Scorching the heart and soul of men,
It holds dominion 'til the end.

KATHRYN DEVENS.

Imperialism

A BOY, when very small, was taught
to be sure of himself before he
spoke, but after he had spoken, to stick

by his word thru thick and thin. As he
grew older, all that he had been taught
grew also; but "think before you speak"

grew away out of sight, while his positiveness flourished, and he became the most self-assertive, dominating, unpleasant person in the community, and he was respected by few and disliked by all.

Now—Substitute any nation for the boy, all nations for his neighbors, patriotism for the seed and imperialism for the fruit, and you have a true example of what happens to a good thing if it is carried too far.

Germany, taught by all her rulers the theory and practice of intensive patriotism, inevitably became imperialistic and took for her motto "Deutschland uber Alles!" Today we see the result.

Greece, or the Roman Empire, to take older examples, suffered from an excess of nationalism, which really is imperialism, and are now only vague memories instead of powerful nations.

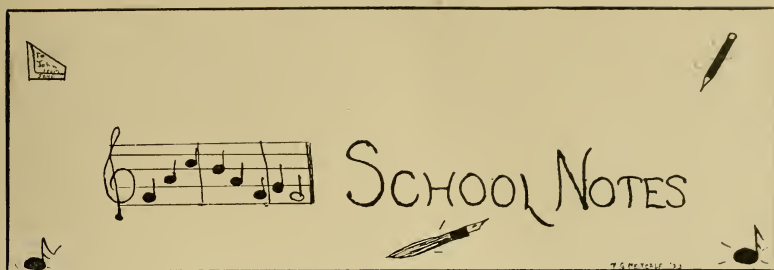
Imperialism is the desire for expansion, the desire for power, the desire for supremacy. It is the cause for the ultimate downfall of all countries. It is the exact opposite of what the League of Nations strives for, and still nearly every nation in the League is more or less imperialistic.

It is a detriment to the progress of world peace. It is the plague spot on the body of a healthy nation—always it is there and sooner or later it will gain strength and spread. The question is, which will win—the plague, or the disinfectants and preventatives, which, in turn, are common-sense and an upside-down version of the Monroe Doctrine. Most often the plague wins, for are not its germs nourished and housed by the government itself, under the name of patriotism? So, when the nation reaches its highest point in power, then that which it has fostered in order to reach that power, turns about, and in a truly Judaic manner destroys the country in which it was bred.

But patriotism is necessary, you say, for the existence of a nation? Yes, but it must be watched carefully—though of what avail if the government still intends to allow its people to be swayed by pseudo-patriots? No nation can remain supreme forever. The philosophic altitude is in this case, as in many, or rather *all* other cases, the best one to assume. No regrets result.

MYRTHA S. LINDBERG, '25.





School Activities

An interesting program was arranged for the Christmas assembly, held December 21. Mr. Morse led the school in a number of carols, and the orchestra played two selections. An interesting talk on "The Spirit of Christmas" was given by Father Ryan. The feature of the program was the Sophomore play, "The Widow Mullins' Christmas." It was acted with a great deal of spirit, and was very entertaining to the school.

At the close of the assembly, new sweaters were given to the football players who were successful in making letters.

The High School Orchestra now meets regularly the seventh period every Wednesday. It played before the school for the first time at the Christmas assembly. The selections were "Chimes of Normandy" and a medley of popular music.

School Topics

We wonder what "Bud" thinks should go in the "tumbler" presented to him and his victorious team by the Clifton boys.

Now we all know that "Bud" is a gifted orator.

Mr. Murray will like to write "three speeches" now. He has a new gold fountain pen to write them with.

Mr. Smith has risen. He is now a magician and every so often he amuses his Physics class with a few impossible tricks according to the reports of "Tenner."

We wonder why John is so anxious to go to Bowdoin. The mystery may be solved by one in '23.

Einstein is the life saver of the Senior math. class. His theories are well believed by all members.

We are glad to know that our friend Porter Heaps is getting along very well at Northwestern University and his brother Willard is a junior in the Evanston High School of Illinois.

The new basket-ball suits speak for themselves. They make quite a lot of noise.

Senior Class Notes

The Senior Play Committee has chosen "Nothing but the Truth," a comedy written by Montgomery, for the play to be given in February by our class. At the first call for candidates, over sixty reported, a wonderful showing; but it dwindled to such a low number that there was a period when many were in doubt whether or not we should have a play. After a little boosting by Mr. Grant, a few more reported and Mr. Burnham has already picked some of the cast. We are now having rehearsals every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons and Mr. Burnham seems quite pleased with the material he has selected.

Finally the class of '24 has put across a social that was both a social and financial success. The Senior Dance was well attended in spite of the fact that it had to be postponed from the date originally advertised. Much of the credit must be given to "Jeff" and his committee who worked hard to make the dance what it was.

Senior Jokes

Mr. Smith—What is energy?

Foley—I don't know.

Mr. Smith—Have you any energy?

Foley—Yes.

Mr. Smith—Well, prove it.

* * *

"I hate that chap" quoth Ruth the other day, as she rubbed cold cream over her lips.

* * *

Heard in 200

Lindsay—Did you ever get pinched while going fast?

Es.—No, but I got squeezed while going slow.

Soph.—Who is that fellow with the long hair?

Senior—He's a Yale fellow.

Soph.—Oh yes, I've often heard of those Yale locks.

* * *

Bella—What kind of leather makes the best shoes?

Esther—I don't know, but banana skins make the best slippers.

* * *

Bella—Is he on the football team?

Barbara—Oh yes, he's the drawback.

* * *

Scratchy—Jeff, why don't you pick that lady up? She just fell.

Jeff—Father told me never to pick up women.

* * *

Since the Everett-Norwood basket ball game, we think Bud's favorite poem must be:

"I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,

And what can be the use of him is more than I can see."

Familiar Phrases

Miss Elliot: This is my own personal copy.

Miss Johnson: That is about thirty lines. I'll give you a few more each night and soon you will have a lesson suitable for your class.

Miss Blaisdell: Ha, ha, I like that!

Mr. Smith: Don't be a blacksmith! Be a chemist! Use technique!

Miss Foster: Comprenez-vous?

Mr. Morse: Come on girls, tra-la-la.

Miss Hayes: Santos de mi almo!

Miss Abbot: That's what Muzzey says—but—

Junior Class Notes

Once upon a time there was a little boy. He was a very good little boy, and had always been good. All the ladies that came to his mother's house thought he was "the ideal son." Then, when he grew older, he stopped being good. But just the same, if the aforesaid ladies heard he had broken a window or smoked dry leaves, they exclaimed, "Impossible! He is such a nice, well-behaved boy." Even when he became absolutely wicked, no one believed it of him. But then, when everybody did wake up, they became *very* wide awake, indeed.

Juniors, let's not live on our reputation. We've made a good one, but improve it, always. No one can stand still. We either advance or recede, and we must and will advance.

One thing that has anchored our good reputation was our Junior Prom. It was very successful, even more so than we had dared to hope. Certainly we are very grateful to the Cliftonites if they helped in attracting the crowd. The hall was decorated in the colors of the two schools—Clifton and Norwood High. Half of the hall was maroon and gray; the other, our good old blue and white. The stage was very effective, with its combination of the four colors, and the American eagle sharing honors with the football.

Several new things were attempted and succeeded well: the introductions to the matrons, the class officers acting as ushers, the dance programs, the throwing of streamers and confetti. Nearly everyone participated in the Grand March, and that did a great deal in starting the evening right.

Yes, Juniors, the Prom was a huge success. But may next year's dance, play and graduation be even more successful—and surely they will be.

The Junior class tax is the large sum of one tenth of a dollar per month. Pay up, and then you can enjoy the banquet next year with a carefree conscience.

Junior Jokes

Molloy, giving an oral composition: The young men of Dartmouth acted as waitresses.

* * *

"Red hair, brown cheeks, soft eyes, black eye-lashes" translated Jewett in French. His ideal beauty? No, only a cow.

* * *

Anderson: "Un conducteur des animaux,"—a conductor of animals.

Miss Hayes: What? On a street car?

Anderson: No, a train—er.

* * *

Mr. Smith: The beginning of wisdom is doubt. (P.S.: he must be *very* wise.)

* * *

We didn't know the boys had such strong, deep voices. But after hearing them sing "Lil' Liza Jane," we know that they have. Too strong.

* * *

Miss Johnson: Yes, "mulier" means woman.

Molloy: Is that what the word mule was derived from?

* * *

Teacher: Who can give me a brief definition of the modern woman's extravagance and waste?

Answer: The modern woman's extravagance is quite difficult to overcome, but her waist is very easy to get around.

* * *

Dowling, referring to England: She just walked in there with her ships.

Sophomore Class Notes

A short time after the "Arguenot" went to press last November, there was an election of class officers. The officers elected were:

President, Henry Crosby; Vice-President, Mary Ryan; Secretary, Sanelma Nordlund; Boys' Treasurer, Edwin Daniels; Girls' Treasurer, Robina Anderson; Executive Committee, Daniel Flaherty, James Donahue, Carl Donovan; Member of the Athletic Council, Harry Berkland.

The class play, "The Widow Mullins' Christmas," which was given before the Junior High School, December twentieth and the Senior High School on Friday, December twenty-first, was coached very ably by Miss James, Miss Coughlin, Miss Blake, Miss Foster and Miss Elliot.

On January ninth there was a class meeting at which Mr. Grant told us to brace up. At that time he said that we had not shown what we should be made of. We didn't pay up our dues, we slumped in scholarship and we wanted a class party when that was all we had been having since September.

Let's take a brace and dig for all we're worth.

Don't let the other classes walk away with all the honors. We can take some ourselves if we try.

Sophomore Jokes

Miss Blaisdell (in English): What case is "its"?

C. Donovan: Dative.

* * *

Lappin, in French: This egg is spelt wrong.

* * *

Miss Kiley: Those who aren't sitting on the floor will please sit on the wall.

Miss Blake: What kind of an angle is this?

Sophomore: A cute one.

* * *

Miss Blaisdell: I meant to read "My Husband's Book" this morning.

"This is too sudden, Miss Blaisdell."

* * *

We wonder why—

Bertha King is so tall.

Edward Abely likes curly hair.

Miss Elliott doesn't give enough tests.

Handkerchiefs were so much in evidence the second of December.

Evelyn Keddy has taken up skipping.

Agnes Graney likes the Everett hall balcony so well.

Boys use slikum (Berkland, for instance).

Joe Renagan is so sad.

Red Johnson studies so hard.

Henry Crosby is a woman-hater.

Barbara Jordan never does her homework.

Cedric Roberts carries stilts around with him in order to see.

Sophomores are wise fools.

* * *

Mr. Smith: What does photosynthesis mean?

Miss Anderson: Don't know.

Mr. Smith: Why don't you know?

Miss Anderson: Forgot.

Mr. Smith: Forget to look it up or forgot it after you looked it up?

Miss Anderson: Both.

* * *

Mary: Mother, may I go out and play?

Mother: What, with that dirty face?

Mary: No, with the girl next door.—
Ex.

Teacher: Well, Willie, have you whispered today without permission?

Willie: Only wunst.

Teacher: Johnny, should Willie have said "wunst"?

Johnny: No'm, he should have said twiet.

* * *

Indignant Guest: Here, waiter, I have just found a collar button in this doughnut.

Colored Waiter: Yes, sah. Did you see anything of an umbrella? One was lost here last night.—Ex.

She'd Done It

"Bridget," called the mistress from upstairs, "Have you turned the gas on in the parlor as I told you?"

"Yes, Mum," answered the new domestic jewel. "Can't you smell it?"

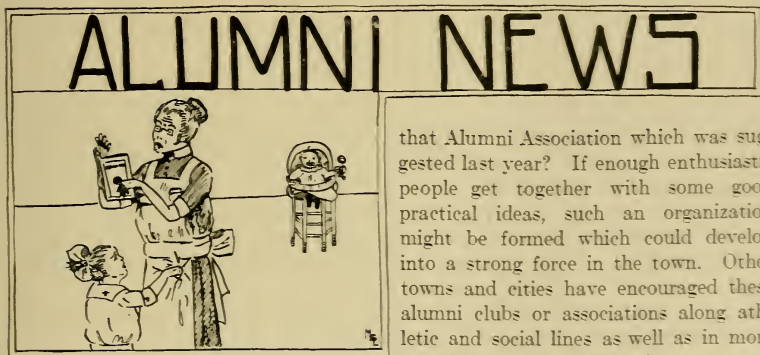
* * *

Mother: Where have you been, Johnny?

Johnny: Playing ball.

Mother: But I told you to beat the rug, didn't I?

Johnny: No Mam, you told me to hang the rug on the line and beat it.



Miss Eleanor Schell spent the holidays in Norwood. She is a student at St. Joseph's Academy, Baltimore, Maryland.

James Dunn, '22, has resigned from the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis.

One of our newest brides is Dorothy Davis Bailey, who was married on New Year's Day.

There doesn't seem to be much activity in the various classes regarding reunions. What's the matter with our alumni? This lack of the get-together spirit seems more apparent in the later classes graduated, for most of the older alumni are quite faithful in attending the annual reunions.

Has anyone given more thought to

that Alumni Association which was suggested last year? If enough enthusiastic people get together with some good practical ideas, such an organization might be formed which could develop into a strong force in the town. Other towns and cities have encouraged these alumni clubs or associations along athletic and social lines as well as in more serious subjects. Think it over, anyway, and if anyone has any ideas or suggestions, send them in to the "Arguenot."

Class 1918 went together to see the "Lady in Ermine" during the Christmas vacation.

Miss Helen Watson has accepted a position in the Children's Hospital, Boston.

Contributions to the Alumni Department would be very much appreciated indeed. It is pretty difficult for one person to keep in touch with all and obtain news which will interest everyone. Any news items, articles, poems or funny stories touching the alumni sent in to the editor will be printed in the next issue of the paper.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

We regret that there was only a limited supply of the last issue of the "Arguenot" provided for Exchanges, so that it was impossible to send a copy to every school from which we received a paper. However, we hope to have enough copies of the current issue to provide for everyone.

And now, we gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following:

"The Durfee Hilltop," Fall River, Mass.

"The Newtonite," Newton, Mass.

"The Neponset Review," East Walpole, Mass.

"The Ateneo Monthly," Philippine Islands.

"The Tripod," Roxbury Latin School.

"The Gloucester Beacon," Gloucester, Mass.

"The Northeastern Tech," Boston, Mass.

"The Echo," Winthrop, Mass.

"The Spectator," Chicopee, Mass.

COMMENTS ON OUR ARGUENOT

"You certainly have a splendid magazine. Your departments are all fine, especially the literary."—"The Alpha," New Bedford, Mass.

"Very interesting; keep up the good work."—"The Periscope," Bridgewater, Mass.

"The Literary Department in 'The Arguenot' was the best exchange we've seen yet."—"The Herald," Holyoke, Mass.

"'The Arguenot' is certainly complete as to stories. Your school notes and editorials are very well taken care of."—"The Abbis," North Abington, Mass.

"A fine paper. Every department is

carried out successfully."—"The Gloucester Beacon," Gloucester, Mass.

"We like your magazine. The literary department is good, as are also the other departments."—"The B. H. S. Oracle," Bangor, Me.

THE ARGUENOT ON OUR COMMENTS

"The Alpha," New Bedford.—A paper complete in all departments. The literary department is particularly interesting: "The Kitten of the Faith" with his "squeakels and squakels" amused us very much.

"The Herald," Holyoke.—Your cover designs are very individual. The stories are very interesting, but your editorial department might well be enlarged, we think.

"The Periscope," Bridgewater.—An excellent magazine. The language department is well written. "Faculty Facts" are novel items.

"The Tattler," Ithaca, N. Y.—"Tattles" were very amusing; you have quite a number of them. We liked your editorial "Putting It Off" and the poem "My Little Caesar Book."

"The Green Witch," Greenwich, Conn.—Your cover design is the most attractive that we have seen for a long time.

"The Tatler," Buena Vista, Va.—We have enjoyed reading your interesting paper very much and we hope that you will come again.

"The Broadcast," Everett.—You have some excellent editorials and poems. Don't you have any exchange department?

"The Broadcast," Jamaica Plain.—Yours is a paper worth mention. Your

editorial "Goat-Getters" was appealing, as it expressed our own sentiments exactly.

"The B. U. News," Boston, Mass.—Your paper holds much interest for us, as many students of N. H. S. have attended or are attending B. U. "The Walrus" claimed our attention immediately.

"The Mirror," Dedham.—A magazine full of pep and snap, with some excellent jokes.

"The B. H. S. Oracle," Bangor, Maine.—The cartoons are excellent. We congratulate you on having a full-fledged authoress in your midst.

"The Abhis," North Abington.—Your "Alumni Number" was excellent, but editorials were few.

"The Tauntonian," Taunton.—Your poems are fine. "Humorous Hank of Polywog Center" is a novel feature.

"The Columbia Jester," Columbia University, N. Y.—A paper full of pep and fun. The exchange comments are delightfully straightforward, although a little brusque.

"The Hartford Chronicle," Hartford, Conn.—The football number was fine. "The Right Half" was a particularly good story.

"The Item," Dorchester.—We enjoyed your paper as a whole and "School-Room Episodes" in particular.

"The Unquity Echo," Milton, Mass.—The "Knockers Club" is quite an amusing feature. The name of the paper is unique, though we do not understand its significance.

"The Advocate," Needham.—Quite a number of advertisements point to excellent management of "The Advocate." A great paper from beginning to end.

Home Games Remaining on Norwood's Basketball Schedule

February 8.	Waltham High School.
February 15.	Reading High School.
March 7.	Dedham High School.

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